O what excuſe can my inuention make
VVhen thou ſhalt charge me with ſo blacke a deed?
VVil not my tongue be mute, my fraile ioints ſhake?
Mine eies forgo their light, my falſe hart bleede?
The guilt beeing great, the feare doth ſtill exceede;
And extreme feare can neither fight nor flie,
But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

Had COLATINVS kild my ſonne or ſire,
Or laine in ambuſh to betray my life,
Or were he not my deare friend, this deſire
Might haue excuſe to worke vppon his wife:
As in reuenge or quittall of ſuch ſtrife.
But as he is my kinſman, my deare friend,
The ſhame and fault finds no excuſe nor end.

Shamefull it is: I, if the fact be knowne,
Hatefull it is: there is no hate in louing,
Ile beg her loue: but ſhe is not her owne:
The worſt is but deniall and reproouing.
My will is ſtrong paſt reaſons weake remoouing:
VVho feares a ſentence or an old mans ſaw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus

Thus graceleſſe holds he diſputation
Tweene frozen conſcience and hot
And with good thoughts makes diſp
Vrging the worſer ſence for vantage
VVhich in a moment doth confound
All pure effects, and doth ſo farre
That what is vile, ſhewes like a ve

Quoth he, ſhee tooke me kindlie by
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager ey
Fearing ſome hard newes from the w
VVhere her beloued COLATINVS
O how her feare did make her colou
Firſt red as Roſes that on Lawne
Then white as Lawne the Roſes to

And how her hand in my hand being
Forſt it to tremble with her loyall fear
VVhich ſtrooke her ſad, and then it
Vntill her husbands welfare ſhee did
VVhereat ſhee ſmiled with ſo ſweete
That had NARCISSVS ſeene he
Selfe-loue had neuer drown'd him